

HOSTAGES TO FORTUNE

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY



The Philadelphia Record:

"Mr. Morley even in his college days wrote nothing that will not stand scrutiny; and we welcome this beautifully made book as an important contribution to our Morleyanna, and we are sure many others will join us in this acclaim. For the price which the publishers ask for it, one receives a treasure that is beyond value. Mr. Morley seems to have sprung from the Haverford campus a full-fledged poet, humorist and philosopher, and this collection of his juvenilia proves that the native genius which has carried him far in the world of letters early went to its appointed task."

The Archive, Durham, N. C.:

"Since the rumblings of his PARNAS-SUS ON WHEELS first caught the popular ear, readers have turned to Morley for grace and whimsical entertainment. The genesis of his style is seen in the present volume especially in the best selection included, a mock-critical essay on the Limerick with grave analysis of certain specimens."

Disclaimed, but regretfully identified
by Christopher Morley '10

Hostages to Fortune

By

Christopher Morley

A collection of poems,
essays, and short stories,
written for the Haver-
fordian by Christopher
Morley during his college
days.



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Foreword

Just a word to introduce—not Mr. Morley, for he needs no introduction to those who will read this book—but these youthful flights in prose and verse dating from his college days.

The present editors of the *Haverfordian*, the old College monthly, have sought out these *juvenilia* of Mr. Morley's and have asked the author if they might collect them in a little volume for his friends. With his customary generosity and modesty, Kit replied that they were welcome to do so if they thought anyone would care to read them. So here they are displayed, not with any pride of authorship, but as an indication of what the author thought and dreamed about as he trod for four fruitful years the green College lawns.

Forsan et haec olim meminisse iuvabit.

Born and raised on the Haverford campus, Morley not only indulged there his whimsical fancies, but followed his

courses of study with such profit that he was chosen to go to Oxford as a Rhodes Scholar. Since then he has gone far, but Haverford still claims her part in the development of this charming and versatile son.

W. W. COMFORT,
President of Haverford College.

April, 1925.

The Stargazer

He dwells in silence, and the friendly stars
Fill all the chambers of his soul with peace.
He loves the hilltop, and the fading day
Finds sunset glows reflected in his eyes.
He knows the stars that stud the darkening blue

And to his simple heart their silence
brings

The thoughts that quicken all true gentleness.

“The beacons of the night time they”
(he says)

“To guide the wandering spirit home to
God.”

The Limerick

NEW developments in its field have never been reluctantly recognized by Literature. We always hesitate to praise the products of our own time and generation, and are too apt to fall back on the masterpieces of former ages which we know we are safe in admiring. The pioneer in literary criticism treads a thorny path. But in spite of the dangers which attend such a revolutionary step, I feel convinced that we must recognize a new and distinct literary type. It is the *Limerick*.

The time has come for the Limerick to be studied analytically and historically. Canons are to be established, origins investigated, and development of the species traced. Let us not neglect this, the latest expression of the soul of man.

In a general way we are all familiar with the Limerick, and here, as always, familiarity has bred contempt. The very simplicity of its verse-form and structure has caused the Limerick to be adopted

by hundreds of poetasters who are unable to assail the Hall of Fame with any other weapons. It has been used by manufacturers for advertising purposes, we have seen it flaunted on flaring billboards in our great cities, in street cars, in pamphlets, in school papers. It has even invaded the privacy of college magazines.

But in spite of all these demoralizing influences, the Limerick stands firm in its dignified simplicity. I grant that it can be imitated by every one (I can do it myself), but not all Limericks are *real* Limericks. There are, as in the Society of Friends, Limericks by *birthright* and Limericks by *conviction*. Limericks by birthright are those that are Limericks because they look like Limericks and sound like them. Their genesis is not far to seek. Let us try one home-made. The standard form for the first line of Limericks of this type is "There was a young woman of —," or "A — old man of —." This is recognized by all the prominent exchange editors, and we have but to supply a suitable adjective and a geographical name, real or fic-

titious. Let us start then "A convivial old man of Arpinum." We look up a rhyming dictionary and although the proper sacrifices have been made to the Muses, we find nothing striking to rhyme with "Arpinum." Let us therefore have recourse to the macaronic form—a favorite device in time of need. We then proceed as follows:—

A convivial old man of Arpinum
Was accused: "Amas bibere vinum."
 "You declare," he said,
 "That it goes to my head,
But indeed I never have seen 'em."

What it was that he had never seen poetic license does not permit me to say. Authorities differ, but it is generally conceded that the demonstrations might have been of a reptilian nature.

And so we see that a Limerick by *birthright* is easy to construct. They are sometimes clever, but from their very conventionality and lack of spirituality we exclude them from our discussion and from now on by the *Limerick* we mean the true Limerick, the *Limerick*

by conviction, the Limerick that thinks and speaks like a Limerick and "hurries us into sublimity."

Poetry has been defined as the spontaneous overflow of powerful emotion, afterwards elaborated in periods of calm. The first quality of the Limerick to which I would call your attention is the wonderful way in which it conforms to this thesis. "Analogy is milk for babes, but abstract truths are strong meat," Martin Tupper tells us. In order that we may have a concrete example before us, I will quote an average Limerick, which we may profitably analyze:

"There was a young monk of Siberia,
Of this life he grew wearier and wearier,
So he broke from his cell
With a * * * * of a yell
And eloped with the Mother Superior."

In these five lines we have a deep and significant psychological study. Laying aside all questions of whether the action of the monk is defensible on purely ethical grounds, we must admit the splendid sympathy, reticence and deft-

ness with which this difficult subject is treated. We have the history of a soul as vividly depicted as ever Browning did it. And beneath the carefully chiselled phrases burns the white-hot fire of true genius.

The first line puts before us the protagonist in the drama. The second gives us the threatened tragedy. True poetry is not that in which we are told everything, but that in which just enough is told us to allow our imagination to supply the rest. In these first two lines we see outlined with firm, broad strokes, the life-problem for this soul. No beating about the bush, no verbiage. It is done, and masterfully done, in fifteen words.

And what charming little pictures of Siberian monastic life are given us! The tinkle of the bell summoning to vespers echoes cheerlessly through the long snowy aisles of the northern woods. And while the monks are on their knees on the cold stone floor, down below in a comfortable nook sits the jolly abbot, sipping his ale and toasting his toes before the blazing fire. Over his fair round paunch, now warmed both without and within, his

hands are piously folded. But the monk ruefully rubs his knees and his bitterness increases.

The last three lines give us the monk's solution of the problem. We have seen his gradual passage from childlike faith to frank atheism; from vigorous optimism and religious enthusiasm to the cold despair where the sky glares brazen above him and the earth rings hollow beneath his feet. Finally he decides (with the Haverfordian poet) that "only human love gives human rest," and turns his tortured heart for consolation to the pure womanly nature of the Mother Superior. By degrees his faith begins to return to him, but after having completed the cycle, he sees the sham and mockery of his former existence. He converts his love to his belief, and with a last cry of farewell to the monastery walls, where his spirit has so long bruised itself against the bars, they leave forever to learn from the breast of Nature a fuller and freer life.

Many Limericks, as this one, are what the Germans call *Tendenz-Schriften*—writing with a purpose. They present

some problem or some phase of the great world-problem and attempt to solve it. Some, however, paint only the lighter sides of life: love, humor, or the sheer joy of living. But in general the Limerick is to be regarded as the modern Fable.

For many generations the Fable has been a rather antiquated literary type, until our own day when it has reappeared under the guise of "Fables in Slang" or in other costumes. The fables of Aesop, Phaedrus, La Fontaine, Gay and others, fictitious tales in which generally animals and sometimes inanimate things were made to talk and act so as to teach some moral, naïve and picturesque as they are, have now been superseded as living literary products by this more modern form, the Limerick, which, however, strives no less to inculcate some moral lesson. Let me quote from the pen of Edward Lear, one of the earliest masters of the Limerick in our language:

"There was an old man of the Dargle
Who purchased six barrels of Gargle.
He said, "I'll sit still
And roll them down hill
To the fish in the depths of the Dargle."

These few lines, without any specifically expressed moral, emphasize in striking fashion the principle of kindness and sympathy toward all our fellow creatures. Aside from any geographical vagueness, the poem may be obscure if we do not realize the dramatic situation.

We are to imagine the old man as having contracted a severe inflammation of the larynx owing to exposure in an April rainstorm. In order to allay this he has bought six barrels of concentrated gargle solution at a wholesale drug store in the city, and has ordered them to be sent out to his country house, which is a picturesque villa in the Italian style, situated on a hill overlooking the beautiful river Dargle. But while waiting for the gargle to arrive (it is being delivered by Adams' Express) he goes out into the garden to feed the gold fish and is there struck by a sublime and Christian thought. He reflects that the fish in the river, being continually exposed to a much greater dampness than that which caused his complaint, must stand in far greater need of the gargle than he; so when the barrels finally arrive, he ex-

periences a great-hearted joy in rolling them down hill to the fish, and picturing to himself the pleasure of the latter in receiving them. With these details in mind the artistic beauty and spiritual exaltation of the poem is readily appreciated; and the unexpressed but evident moral may be phrased *Honi soit qui mal y pense*.

And thus we see that by applying the touchstone of imaginative insight, the interpretation of the Limerick becomes a fascinating avocation. The process of making these little rough-hewn specimens yield their hidden ore, is a tonic and inspiring one. Unexpected vistas of truth burst upon the reader as he pulls aside bough after bough, and delving in mythology and critical appendices, he excavates the carefully buried and skilfully concealed meaning.

For such a little gem, *merum sal*, the name *Limerick*, vaguely connotative of a Hibernian atmosphere, is unfortunate. But the real etymology of the word is the following:—Erichtho, the famous Thesalian witch consulted by Pompey, was in the habit of writing her oracular utter-

ances and prophecies on leaves and pinning them on the threshold (*limen*) of her shrine. The two words *limen* and *Erichtho* became fused and denoted one of these prophetic verses. *Limen Erichthus* (threshold of Erichtho) became one word and was finally contracted into *limerich*, which, to conform to modern pronunciation, became *limerick*. But the word has absolutely no connection with the Emerald Isle.

To those who will essay it in good faith and with receptive mind, a careful study of the Limerick will be found to be its own exceeding great reward. No more significant fact could be sought than that the form has been found worthy of being set to music in the immortal strains of our magnificent hymn, "Blest Be the Tie That Binds."

We must remember that the true classic does not necessarily call forth immediate enthusiasm. True poetry is not all spiritual zeal, nor is it all warmth of color; it is a proper proportion of both Hebraism and Hellenism. If we are looking for moral fervor and nothing else, we will not find it in the Limerick. If we

desire only sensual beauty and the warm perfume of the summer night, we will not find it in the Limerick. The true, characteristic Limerick consists of a divinely artistic blending of the two, a literary Mocha and Java, if I may put it so. One word to the prospective student: never be deceived by the apparent simplicity and transparency of the Limerick. The interpretation of the two examples quoted should be sufficient to show that much may lie between the lines. On the surface all may seem clearer than crystal, but depend upon it underneath there are shadowy forms which grasp our very heart-strings and play upon them with the fingers of memory or desire.

I have neither time nor space here to go more fully into the beauties of the Limerick. The historical development of the type with its influence on the minnesinger and the troubadours, the metrical scheme, the invaluable work it has done in calling attention to the eccentricities of our spelling, analogies with the ancient Greek choruses, the Sanskrit burlesque, and the Latin *satura*, may be

mine to discuss at some other time. The task of editing, of collating, of interpreting, is yet to come. But if I can convince one reader of the pleasure and value of a sincere and sympathetic study of the Limerick, of its dramatic, lyric and humorous possibilities, my words will not have been in vain.

“O ye who have your eyeballs vex’d and
tir’d,
Feast them upon the wideness of the
sea.”

The sea of the Limerick is not one where the surge thunders upon the beach and the green combers defiantly fling the salt spray in our faces. Nor is it a mirror-like tropic sea of spiritual stagnation; but it is a blue, sunlit water dancing with whitecaps and merry with the breath of the fresh, cool breeze. As we fare onward in our bark the sail fills and the boat thrills to the keel with the joy of it all, and dim in the distance rise the shadowy blue islands where we know the shrine and the wood-nymphs are waiting. It is a sail with a goal, for Beauty is one with Truth, and both are embodied in the Limerick.

To Her

Beyond the realm of words her beauty lies,
 'Tis like the glory of the summer night
When stars that blaze along the purple
 skies

 Pulse with the wonder of the infinite.
Oh God! Although I cannot words devise,
 I thank Thee Thou hast given me my
 sight

To see the tenderness deep in her eyes
 When my lips softly met her cheek so
 white.

To hear her tiny breathing fall and rise
 I'd still my heart, and with her warm
 breath share.

I would not miss for any earthly prize
 The gleam of gold along her wind-blown
 hair.

Words are but hollow, empty parodies
 Of Love that girds the soul like autumn
 air.

Omnia Vincit Amor

THE blazing rays of a New Mexico mid-afternoon sun beat pitilessly upon the corrugated iron roof, and the sand desert danced and shimmered in the glare; but Buck Hoskins, the telegraph operator at Pewee Junction, was oblivious of the heat. With stockinged feet reposing on the desk and flannel shirt open at the neck, revealing a glimpse of his manly bosom, he was absorbed in the greasy pages of a well-thumbed volume. The Railway Circulating Library car had passed that noon, and had left him a copy of the *Droll Tales* of Balzac.

The occasional *staccato* click of the instruments, the droning of the flies along the ceiling, and the whining curses of a vagrant tramp imprisoned in an empty box-car on the siding—all fell upon deaf ears. But finally he was aroused by the discovery that a picture that should have pointed the moral and adorned the tale was missing. Reference to the list of illustrations in the front of the book apprised him of the allurements of the

missing embellishment, and he remonstrated aloud. "Some people ain't got no consideration whatsoever," he observed crossly, and called vehemently on the Deity to witness the fact.

He put the book away carefully in a drawer of the desk, drew on his shoes, and wandered out onto the station platform. In every direction the sand stretched away to the horizon in monotonous flatness, except to the east, where blue hills were dimly discernible in the distance. Straight as a taut string lay the single track across the desert, converging into a glittering ribbon of steel. The man felt his lips grow parched and his tongue dry before the withering heat-waves that swept over him, and he peevishly surveyed the two buildings which, besides the station, comprised Pewee Junction.

"Cheese to prunes!" he growled sulkily. "This *is* a heller, an' no mistake!"

He sat down on the edge of the platform, and cutting himself a quid of "Railway Plug" began to practice expectorational shots at the far rail. His mind was evidently on something else,

for his aim was poor, and once he muttered "Gee, I wisht I lived in France!" But finally a brown patch sizzled on the hot steel, and he eyed it affectionately.

The vehement protests of the wanderer imprisoned on the siding, recalled him to the pleasures of life, and he strolled over and surveyed the big yellow van humorously. The letters:

PALACE REFRIGERATOR CAR

blazoned in red and blistering in the sun struck him as amusing.

"Hey, youse hobo!" he called genially.

"Hey yourself," was the sulky retort.

"How's yo' dinky ice-box? Nice an' cool?"

And he turned away exulting, without stopping to analyze the copious epithets bandied after him. The war between railroad men and tramps is abiding and bitter, and he had scored decisively. He could afford to overlook personal insults.

It occurred to him that after these exertions a bath would be a meritorious performance, so he strolled up to the water tower which served the double

function of supplying water to passing locomotives, and providing a swimming pool for himself. Such liberties were not countenanced by the railroad company, but if discreetly carried on, there was but slight chance of discovery. Buck climbed the iron ladder that led to the top of the tower, and lifted the trap-door. The tank was nearly full, and the water, though not especially clean, looked cool and inviting. He threw off his clothes, and slipped in.

He was revelling luxuriously in the refreshing and limpid depths of the tank when a tremor along the rails outside caught his ear. He popped his head out of the trap. A hand-car was spinning rapidly down the track. As he looked, it stopped before the station and a boy jumped onto the platform. The latter gazed around him for a minute, and then sank into a limp heap on the sun-baked planks.

Buck knew the symptoms from of old. "Great garlic," he muttered—"het-struck!" Like Neptune arising from the deep he clambered out of the tepid waters of the tank and hastily slipped on his

clothes. Filling his hat with water he hurried down the ladder and ran along the platform.

The boy was young and slender, and in Buck's strong arms he was a very slight burden. The brawny operator carried the limp body into the station, laid the lad on the battered lounge which served as bed by night and divan by day, and anxiously bathed the flushed forehead and chafed the hands. "Pore kid!" he murmured, with rude tenderness; "nearly locoed!"

The boy who had thus fallen under his care was of medium height, slender, with delicate features and thick black hair, jaggedly cut, and matted over the damp forehead. Suddenly he opened his eyes and looked vacantly at the operator. Buck bent tenderly over the lad. "Sho! kid!" he said—"yo'll be O. K. in a jiffy. Jest set up an' take notice." The boy stirred uneasily. "Don't let them catch me!" he murmured, faintly but distinctly.

"Clean dippy," was Buck's verdict, but remembering that the down express would soon be due, he hurried outside,

heaved the hand-car off the track, and came back to the room just as a long whistle sounded in the distance. The boy was sitting up on the couch, his face still flushed, but very determined. "Is that a train?" he asked quickly. "Yep—Number 16," said Buck. "How d' yo' feel?"

But the lad was standing unsteadily before him. "Oh please, *please* don't let them get me!" he cried, his voice trembling.

"Who?" returned Buck bewildered.

"Oh, I ran away from home," he moaned. "I'm so frightened!" and he fell back upon the couch, riven by a passion of sobs.

"Sho', kid," said Buck kindly, patting the quivering head with a gentle hand. "I won't let nobody hu't yo', so there," and the express thundered through in a whirl of flying dust and roaring wheels.

"Where'd yo' come from?" Buck asked when the train had passed.

"Sassafras," said the boy, still showing his grief by an occasional convulsive heave of his shoulders.

"Gee! Why that's fifty mile from here! Sence when?"

"Ten o'clock."

"Good gosh, kid! In this heat? No wonder yo' were all tuckered out! Yo' better lay down an' rest a while." And he prattled on in his soothing drawl without noticing that the lad was already asleep.

Buck gazed upon the flushed features and dark-ringed eyes with interest. "Poor kid!" he said. "He's shore had hard luck somehow." And with that he tiptoed out in silence and took a nap himself beneath the shade of a baggage truck.

He was awakened by cries from the station. "Help! Help!" called a voice.

He leaped up, and ran toward the platform. As he passed the "Palace Refrigerator Car" he noticed that the sliding door in its side stood open. Evidently the son of leisure within had been refrigerated long enough, and had made good his escape! He heard sounds of conflict in the office, and hurrying in found the lad struggling with the tramp. The man had forced his weaker opponent onto one knee, and was trying to wrest something from him—something which

the boy held with desperate fingers.

For Buck to see was to act. With a shout he sprang upon the hobo, rolled him over and over and ground his face along the floor to the exceeding detriment of his nose. Muttering inarticulate curses, he pummelled him unmercifully, until the tramp's head crashed against the desk, and he lay quite still, stunned by the shock.

Buck turned to the other. "Well, kid," he said, breathing hard, "what the ——" But one look at the boy's face arrested him. He was quivering all over with suppressed sobs. "There, there," said the kindly agent. "Don't take on so. What was the trouble?"

"Oh th- th- the *brute!*" was the tremulous reply. "He looked in the window and saw my locket and——" He suddenly stopped, looked at the man in a frightened way, and threw himself face down sobbing on the lounge. From his hand slipped a tiny thing that fell unnoticed to the floor. Buck stooped and picked it up. It was a tiny locket on a dainty golden chain, such as a woman wears

about her neck. On the locket he saw engraved the word "Betty."

He gazed in astonishment at the figure on the couch. The slender form, the jaggedly-cut hair showing a white, untanned neck, the delicate features and smooth cheeks—all appeared to him in a new light, and all pointed to the astonishing surmise that had just thrust itself upon him: the stranger was a girl!

Struck by his silence, she turned her tear-stained face to his; and seeing the locket in his hand, and his astonished face, she flushed carnation-red.

"I see yo've found me out," she said defiantly. "I'm at yo' mercy."

"Sho', kid," stammered Buck awkwardly—"I wo'dn't hu't yo' fo' anything."

She looked at him sharply, and the frank, open face and manly bearing of the big operator seemed to inspire confidence.

"I run away from home," she said quickly. "Pa wanted me to marry a wise guy I didn't care fer—jest because he'd got the dough. I didn't see it that-a-way; so I cut my hair off, an' put on my kid

brother's duds an' beat it. I got all in with the heat, an'—an'—here I am! I s'pose Pa'll be after me purty soon. What yo' goin' to do? Give me up?" And she began to sob again.

Buck's mind worked rather slowly. "Do yo' want to be give up?" he asked.

"O yes!" snapped the girl sarcastically. "Go back an' live with Pa, an' get beat to death in three weeks! Sure! I'm crazy to go back!"

"Well, what yo' goin' to do if yo' don't?"

"Oh, I got an aunt over to Cayuga City. I can live with her, I guess."

"Cayuga City!" said Buck to himself—"a hundred mile!" And then aloud "Think yo' Pa'll be arter yo' soon?"

"He might 'a ben here a'ready," was the response. "Can yo' hide me here anywhere?"

"Nowheres where he can't look ef he has a mind to," said Buck. And then a gleam of inspiration came to him. "I'll tell yo' Pa we're married."

The girl laughed—a pretty laugh, thought Buck. "He won't believe yo'!" she said, smiling at him.

The subtleties of this remark were unnoticed by Buck. "Reckon he'll have to," said he. "I don't callate to be disb'lieved—leastways, not onless he's bigger than I am." He stretched his six feet three to its full height, and smiled at her genially.

She looked at him rather coyly. "I reckon he'll believe you," she said.

It was not five minutes after this, while Buck was heaving the feebly-complaining hobo back into his refrigerated sanctum that another hand-car, with two men on it, came trundling down the track. One of the two, a short burly fellow with a sandy beard, jumped off and came toward him.

"Ain't seen a tall girl with black hair goin' through here, hev yo'?" he said.

"I ain't sure ef I hev or not," said Buck slowly.

"What in—by Judas, thar she is now!" exclaimed the other, looking through the window. The blood rushed to his face, and he took a quick step forward.

"Hold on there," said Buck, putting his large hand on the other man's shoulder. "Whar yo' goin'?"

"What is it to you?" retorted the other, viciously.

"Jest this: is that yo' daughter?"

"Yes, the——"

"Well," said Buck, interrupting a string of oaths, "she mought 'a ben *yo'r* daughter, but jest now she's *my* wife, an' I'll trouble yo' to cut swearin' about her."

The girl had appeared on the platform, smiling sweetly, as he spoke. Her father choked with fury as he saw her attire, but one look at Buck's face checked his tongue. He restrained himself with difficulty. "Is—is this true, Betty?" he asked.

For answer she walked over and slipped her hand in Buck's; and he, marvelling at his own temerity, put his arm about her waist. As he felt the curve of the girl's body, a thrill went through him, and he faced his presumptive father-in-law with a quizzical smile.

For a few moments that gentleman's face was a study; but gradually its crimson tinge faded and his brow smoothed itself. As he surveyed the bridegroom's form and features his ire relaxed somewhat. "Well," he growled,

"it mought 'a ben worse, I guess!" And he climbed onto the hand-car and they rumbled off without another word.

Buck watched the car grow small in the distance without seeming to realize that his arm was still about her. She gently disengaged herself. "That's not necessary now!" she said. "Thank yo' very much." And she looked at him rather shyly.

But in Buck's veins something new was stirring. "Betty," he said—and the name sounded very sweet to him—"Betty—we done it once fer a fake. Let's do it again fer the real thing!"

Her face grew pink. She glanced shamefacedly at her masculine garb and then looked him steadily in the eyes. Suddenly her gaze dropped.

"I don't care if I do," she said softly.

To a Skull

O piteous monument of man's avail
Is *this* the bitter end of all our strife?
Is *living* the one goal of mortal life
Or may we hope for aught behind the
veil?

This was the closet of a living mind
That saw those wind-swept stars which
now we see,
That plucked the sun-warmed heather
on the lea
And now is but to Memory assigned.

But Time doth answer all things, and
unless
We pluck these flowers while the sun is
high,
The dusk will come, and find us in distress
That we knew Pleasure not when she
was nigh.
For Destiny is speaking, and she saith
One thing alone is sure, and that is Death.

The Claret of Baccaral

“**O**UI, Monsieur,” said the old Count, and his frail figure stiffened and his voice trembled a little as he spoke, “it looks peaceful enough now, but I have seen the time when the blood on this terrace was red like wine, and when the smoke from the gun-powder and the burning fields was so thick that one could not see the river.”

The scene was a beautiful one. The afternoon sunlight fell in golden slants across the terrace, bathing the weather-beaten stone in a mellow light, while from the gardens came the faint odor of the white roses. *Chateau Baccaral* was famous for its roses. Far below was a tiny red-roofed hamlet, girt in by a curve of the Moselle, which wound like a silver ribbon through the poplar meadows. In the distance a church bell was ringing. Indeed everything seemed peaceful and placid.

“It is very beautiful here now,” said the Count, “let us have our tea outside. I want you to see the moon rise over the

river." He touched a small bell that stood on the broad stone balustrade, and an elderly servant in a faded livery of green cloth with silver buttons bustled across the terrace. "Pierre," said my host, "bring a table out here. We will have tea on the terrace."

There was something fascinating to me in the white-haired Count and his gracious courtesy to a complete stranger. I was touring from Brussels down to Dijon in my car and had overtaken him that afternoon in distress. A wheel of his carriage had come off when he was still ten miles or so from home. Of course I was more than delighted to be of assistance, so turning out of my way, we arrived at the quaint old *chateau* so beautifully situated overlooking the Moselle and the blue vineyards of Lorraine. He had insisted on my staying over night, so leaving the machine in charge of my mechanician we climbed up through the terraced gardens together. It was a novel experience to me, and the most delightful of my trip. The beautiful old house, with its floors and wainscots of polished wood, the pictures of past ances-

tors, the imposing coat of arms blazoned over the great fireplace in the hall, with the naïve and somewhat pugnacious motto:

"S'ils te mordent, mords-les."

cut deep in the stone—all were to me symbols of an atmosphere romantic and glorious and deeply appealing.

We sat together on the terrace as the sunlight faded in the west, and the stars began to glimmer in the darkening blue. In his faultless English (for he had lived in London for some years) he told me of the Prussian war, how *Chateau* Baccaral had been stormed by a party of Germans, how he himself had borne a sword in the *melee*, and how they had beaten off the enemy. His eye flashed and his fist tightened as he told of these stirring scenes, but his voice trembled as he spoke of the disasters at Metz, Sedan, and Paris, and how after the armistice a German garrison was quartered at the *chateau*. "I thank God," he said, "that my father and mother died too soon to see *la belle France* overrun by these Prussians, and Prussian *canaille* quartered at Baccaral."

In his eloquent way he told me of his sufferings through the war when, not daring to leave the *chateau* for fear that during his absence it might be plundered and burned, he saw around him the French defeated on every hand. "Oh, Monsieur, it was heart-rending," he said, and told me how every night he used to pray on his knees that the morning would bring news of a French victory; but always there came the same report of defeat and death.

He was silent for sometime after telling me of the horrors of the war, but finally he spoke again. "But there, Monsieur," he said, "it is not well to dwell always on the mournful side. The great blessing of us Frenchmen is that we can enjoy the sweet and the bitter at once. I must tell you the story of the Baccaral claret."

He touched the bell and the servant appeared. "Pierre," he said, "a bottle of the claret." The man was gone some time, but finally returned, tenderly bearing a cobwebby old bottle. He handed it to the Count, and then remained standing behind his chair. "You will not mind if Pierre stays?" said the Count. "He

always has the right to hear me tell the story. You see, we went through it together.

“It was after the peace was declared. I was sitting here one evening looking out over the valley sick at heart, for the prospect was very different from what you saw this afternoon, Monsieur. The fields were laid waste, villages plundered and burned, the roads were lined with broken gun-carriages and cast-off accoutrements. Our little hamlet at the foot of the hill had been sacked, and lay in ashes except for the church. The people, such as were left, had fled, man, woman and child, to the *chateau* for protection.

“Well, Monsieur, it was a warm evening, and I was gazing over this land of desolation when a French officer rode up to tell me that a party of twenty Prussians and an officer were to be quartered on us, and would arrive the next morning. Imagine my despair—on top of our misery and distress to have a score of roistering, beer-drinking, quarrelsome Prussians swaggering through the *chateau*, wallowing in my trim gardens, scarring

the priceless old furniture that had been in the family for generations. And then the thought came to me—what would happen to the wine-cellar?

“Monsieur, I have never married, and my cellar has been wife and child to me all my life. I am the last of the direct line of the seigneurs of Baccaral, and my whole life has been devoted to upbuilding and cherishing the estate. Think of my feelings when I contemplated a band of these lousy Prussian knaves, pillaging through my bins, drenching their muddy palates with my rare wines. And the claret of Baccaral! The claret which was bottled by my great-grandfather, the rarest, finest, most famous vintage in France! Was this to become the spoil of these Teuton clowns? *Sacrebleu!* my blood ran cold at the thought.

“I called Pierre to me—Pierre, you were cleaning out the fountain where a Prussian spy had been shot and had fallen in—I remember it distinctly—and told him the case. We decided immediately that we must get the claret out of the way. We could run no risk of having it discovered. The door of the wine-

cellar might be battered in, and then all would be lost. We must hide the claret somewhere. And then (we were standing among the bins, were we not, Pierre?) I saw a large packing-box in one corner of the cellar and a brilliant thought came to me.

“ ‘Pierre,’ I said, ‘my wife has just died. There is her coffin. We will bury her to-morrow.’

“*Sapristi!* But it took too long to explain to fathead here what I intended! You see we would pack the bottles carefully, put them in the box (there were only about a hundred left), drape it to simulate a casket, and bury it with all honors. In the churchyard it would be safe as possible until the trouble had blown over.

“A wild scheme, you think, Monsieur? Ah, well! If I am sixty now, I was only twenty-five then. The blood runs quick at twenty-five!

“Well, Monsieur, Pierre strengthened the box and lined it with felt, and then I called together all the peasants and folk of the *chateau*. ‘My friends,’ I said, ‘your mistress the countess has just died

in child-birth. She will be buried to-morrow morning.' At last I got them to understand what was to be done.

"That night we spent in preparation for the funeral. Each of the precious bottles was wrapped in straw, so that there was no possible danger of breaking. The lid of the coffin was nailed down at sunrise, and I sent Pierre down to the church to dig the grave, and another man to toll the bell, while we prepared the crape and flowers.

"Pierre returned with the news that the Prussians were coming. A sorrowful sight greeted their eyes when they rode up. The peasants were in tears and I was prostrated by my grief. The officer dismounted and curtly handed me his credentials, to the effect that he and his men were to be recipients of my hospitality until further notice. He was a great, whiskered ruffian, so Prussian-looking that I would have liked to strike him. 'I find you in distress?' he said in his brutal way. 'Oh, Monsieur,' I said, with the most pitiful grimace, 'my wife is just dead of small-pox!' I wish you could have seen his face. The horrors of war

were nothing to him, but small-pox—*nom d'un nom!* That was quite a different thing!

“ ‘*Mein Gott!*’ he said, ‘*Potztausend blau-feuer!*’ and he and his never came near the house throughout their stay! They camped in the garden all the time, and slept in the stable. As for the wine-cellar, they never got near enough to it to know that there was one. And all for my lucky idea about the small-pox! But I didn’t know this beforehand, so the funeral proceeded as planned.

“Oh Monsieur! the cortège was impressive! First came the coffin laden with flowers borne by half a dozen of the most stalwart men, who groaned beneath the weight. I followed the corpse with bowed head and solemn steps, praying devoutly that all might go well. Then came the retainers, two and two. The whole procession bore a most convincing semblance of sanctity. We bore the casket reverently to the grave, where I read the burial service for the benefit of the Prussian soldiers who were standing by. The sod was thrown on, a

wreath of roses placed on the mound, and we turned away.

"Well, Monsieur, to make the tale short, for doubtless I weary you, we disinterred our claret a couple of months later, in the dead of night. So far as I know no outsider learned of the unholy rite. There are still some score of bottles left. Will you do me the honor of sharing this one with me?"

Pierre brought a lamp, and the Count carefully broke the seal and pulled the cork. I saw the ruby fluid sparkle in the glasses as he pushed one towards me. It was indeed a nectar, sweet and smooth and indescribably mellow—such wine as a man tastes but once in a lifetime.

"Monsieur," said the Count, and his voice had a faint tremble in it, "may I propose a toast?" He refilled the glasses, and then rose to his feet.

"I drink to *la belle France*."

Skating Song

Swing! Swing! Swing!

Over the silver ice!

From the wind that stings
And the heart that sings
All care and sorrow flies.

Then grief destroy

And greet the joy

Of the rhythmic exercise!

Swing! Swing! Swing!

Over the ringing ice!

O for a long, long straight-away
Of the ice that has no flaw,
The white-cut strokes behind us,
The gleaming way before,
And plenty of wind and sunlight—
What can the world give more?

Swing! Swing! Swing!

Over the crystal ice!

Where the sunbeam flashes and falls apart
Into prisms of color that dance and dart,
And down below
The fishes go

As they see our skates gleam to and fro

Swinging, ringing, singing

Over the good green ice!

Episodes in the Life of an Irish Waitress

I. *The Undoing of Oliver Cromwell Jones*

BARBARA was the unquestioned belle of the Park Avenue kitchens. I wonder if the mistress of the house ever knew how much her back-door service owed to the pretty little Irish waitress. To get into her good graces was the constant ambition of many distributors of domestic necessities, and it was for this reason that the ice man used to leave a larger cake every morning than ever figured on the bills. The milkman would set aside the richest cream for Barbara, and used to come in and put the bottles in the pantry himself. "You might drop them," he said. But he always wanted to be thanked for doing this, and many a little scuffle took place behind the pantry door. You see, the cook was fat and good-natured, and didn't mind. She had seen the world, for she had thirteen children and had

buried two husbands. She often used to say to Barbara—"It takes twinty inches off'n me waist-line to look at yez!" and then she would go on basting the chickens for dinner.

Many an ambassador who had formerly come to the front door (in that aggravating way that tradesmen have) now left his wares at the back of the house in order to have the chance of a moment's repartee with quick-witted Barbara, and many an irate householder missed his cheese or his cider at supper because the driver of the grocery wagon spent his time in concocting fulsome compliments instead of urging on his jaded steed. In fact the backyard gate became so popular that before long it gave way under the strain; and when the carpenter made four visits before the job of putting on a new hinge was completed, and always stayed to supper in the kitchen, *paterfamilias* declared that never again would he engage an unmarried artisan.

And so it went, all down the line. The man who brought the marketing would leave an extra apple for her, "rosy as your cheek, my dear-r" he used to say in

his aggravating drawl, and Barbara would catch the pretty compliment in mid-air and hurl it back maimed and bruised to the speaker. Her quick wit and her utter self-sufficiency were her only weapons against so many admirers, for many a humble heart beat the faster beneath its ragged coat-sweater at the thought of the black hair, grey eyes and tip-tilted nose of little Barbara.

She was an outrageous little coquette, and for a long time she kept them all at bay. They all worked furiously to win her favor, even the garbage man performed his carrion tasks in a debonair and sprightly fashion, and wore a red, red rose in his buttonhole. He was a romantic fellow, that garbage man, and it was rumored around the kitchen table that he had broken many hearts. At any rate he had once served in a hash house in Boston, which lent him additional social prestige. But that is another story.

Of all those who ever drove a delivery wagon or mailed a penny Valentine, there was none more self-confident or self-satisfied than he who distributed the baker's products. His name was Oliver

Cromwell Jones, he said, which shows that his parents were people of imagination. He was a dashing rascal and wore a bright red tie with a brass pin in it. All the waitresses on Lennox Street had long since capitulated to his bold and blatant advances, and when he first saw Barbara a thrill ran through him and he determined to add another scalp to his list. "Ain't she the cute thing?" were his first words, and he proceeded to chuck her under the chin. At first Barbara was somewhat frightened by his free and easy ways, but finally she grew rather to admire him. He was so self-assured, so brazen, she said to herself. She liked *bold* men!

But there was one fly in Oliver's ointment, and this was Policeman Morison of the Northwestern District. Big and silent and shy, he was as different as possible from the noisy baker's man, and though Barbara laughed at him, and made fun of his big feet and awkward ways, little by little she grew to look forward to his visits and to appreciate his respectful attitude towards her. And little by little the familiarity and rude

endearments of Jones grew distasteful. And then one day he came in with his breath smelling of liquor, threw his arms about her and tried to kiss her. She screamed and tore herself away, her face blazing with indignation. But even then Oliver did not realize that he had gone too far.

A few days later, according to his convivial habit, Oliver had dropped in to take lunch. It was snowing outside and bitterly cold, and the warm kitchen was very comfortable. After the manner of his kind he was drinking a cup of well sweetened tea with the spoon tilted against his cheek, when steps were heard in the dining room. Barbara's face changed. "Quick," she said. "Get into the cellar and hide. If the Mrs. saw you here my job wouldn't be worth a fly-paper in January!" And she hustled him through the door and he plunged down the dimly-lighted cellar steps just before the mistress of the house came in.

"Barbara," said that lady, "when James comes tell him to clean the snow off the front pavement."

"Yes'm," said Barbara.

"I'm going down to the cellar for a minute to look at my preserves," continued Mrs. Harrison, and with that she opened the door and descended.

Barbara and the cook gazed at each other in suppressed excitement. Suddenly a faint scream was heard, and with a rustle of skirts Mrs. Harrison came rushing up the cellar stairs in very great agitation. "Oh," she cried, hurling herself against the door at the head of the stairs, and locking it, "there's a man in the cellar!"

Piercing shrieks on the part of the cook and Barbara attested their astonishment.

"My gracious," gasped Mrs. Harrison, "it's a wonder we weren't all murdered in our beds. To say nothing of the silver," she added hysterically. "Help, Help! Police!"

And then a tap was heard at the back door and the genial face of Policeman Morison appeared. The sight of the familiar blue-clad defender of the law and the substantial truncheon restored Mrs. Harrison's equanimity. "Oh officer," she said, "I'm so glad to see you. There's a murderer in the cellar!—*do go*

down and take him in charge." The light of duty shone in the eyes of the stalwart "cop" and admiration of such bravery was reflected in Barbara's. He tightened his belt and descended the stairs. The women waited in silence. Sounds of a heated altercation arose from the cellar, and then a furious scuffling and thumping. At length the policeman reappeared, somewhat dishevelled, impelling the irate Jones, whose wrists were securely handcuffed. The latter attempted to speak, but Morison placed a large hand over his mouth.

"Coom along, me man," he said, not unkindly. And then as Barbara kissed her hand to the delighted policeman, Oliver Cromwell Jones realized for the first time the extent of his undoing.

II. *The Katabasis of Xenophon*

In the third floor back a light was burning, for Barbara lay snuggled up in bed reading "The Sorrows of Lady Janet, or The Butler's Revenge." From the other side of the room came an uneasy whistling and moaning, which was not the cold

winter wind that rattled at the window panes. Underneath that well-rounded mound of bedclothes lay the cook, who, being fat and forty, no longer stayed awake at nights to read novels.

But Barbara, undisturbed by these sounds of culinary repose, was deep in Chapter LXI.

"Out upon you," shrilled the Marchioness, her voice trembling with rage and fear. "Will you strike a defenseless woman? Have mercy on my youthful innocence!" But from the black and dastardly heart of the Butler came no answering flicker of humanity. The wind sighed desolately in the weeping willows and funeral cypresses, and only the sorrowful and dispassionate moon shone down upon the garden, lending to the statues a ghastly pallor. A hand as upraised, a knife glinted in the moonlight, and in another instant a pure and loyal woman's heart would have been stilled forever when—

Barbara's overwrought nerves jumped and she hastily put out the light as there came a faint tap at the door. "Who's there," she said timidly.

"Oh Barbara," came the response in

the querulous tones that Mrs. Harrison always used when her hair was in curl papers. "Won't you go down and let Xenophon in? I'm so sorry to trouble you—I would go myself, but you know my bronchial tubes—"

Mrs. Harrison's bronchial tubes were more trouble than anything else in the household, except the gas pipes.

So Barbara carefully put the book under her pillow and stepped from her warm bed. Shivering slightly, she arrayed her shrinking form in a white blanket, and lit a candle. Shielding it with her hand from the wanton draughts she descended the stair like a vestal virgin of old.

Xenophon was a large and exuberant black cat, who had been reared from infancy by the Harrisons, and was the great pet of the family. He had his own special saucer in the dining-room, his favorite cushion in the parlor, and in the photograph album his likenesses vied for supremacy with those hot-climate pictures of little Alice. When aught was amiss with Xenophon there was trouble in the house. When a fish bone went the

wrong way the whole family stood around in anxiety and commiseration until he succeeded in extricating it. And when the fly-paper—but that is another story.

Xenophon was an miable and condescending cat, but he had become Barbara's pet aversion. I put it to you frankly—would *you* like to be summoned from a warm bed at midnight to let Xenophon in? To be interrupted at your meals by the query, "Barbara, has Xenophon lunched yet?" And it was only yesterday when she had been having a cozy talk with Policeman Morison when in came Mrs. Harrison, and the bluecoat had to hide behind the stove while Barbara went "down cellar" to find out why Xenophon was wailing so. And then, to add insult to injury, Mrs. Harrison wanted to know where the smell of burning came from!

All these things passed through Barbara's wilful head as she creaked down the backstairs, and she vowed by all the diseases in the Peruna almanac that she would find a means of getting rid to Xenophon.

The key screeched in the lock, and at

the sound of the frenzied appeals outside cased. The back door swung open and admitted a blast of chilly air and a snow-flecked but rejoicing cat. He rubbed himself against Barbara's chastely blanketed legs and purred so gratefully that her warm heart relented and she found him a morsel of chicken. But when she regained her room and found that the matches had given out and she could not learn the fate of Lady Janet, her wrath returned. She fell asleep saying to herself in the words of the infamous Butler—" 'Tis he or I—the one of us must go!"

The next morning she studied the list of poisons in the Peruna book, but as she went about her work Xenophon seemed especially affectionate, and she felt like a murderess. But an opportunely caught mouse suggested to her a more expedient plan, and she hardened her heart.

The shades of evening descended, as they always do, and Barbara laid her plans. In the pantry she arranged a concatenation of temptations which she knew no right-minded cat could possibly resist. On the top shelf, where the punch bowl and cut glass were kept, she placed

a piece of chicken breast, on the next shelf (where the blue china was) she put a wing, on the next shelf a leg, on the ice chest a saucer of milk. The house was quiet, the cook had gone up, all except herself were in bed when the rite began. With a coaxing caress she lured the unsuspecting Xenophon to the pantry and let him in. The mouse was released from the trap, and shutting the door on the two, she fled upstairs.

* * * * *

It was about two o'clock in the morning when Mrs. Harrison, who slept with both ears alert, woke up with a start and nudged the Professor. "George!" she said in an excited whisper. "George! I heard a noise! There are burglars in the house!"

"Nonsense, my dear," murmured the Professor, who was somewhat jocular—"it was merely a crash towel!" But Mrs. Harrison was not satisfied, and when at seven o'clock the cook viewed the wreckage and fled shrieking to her she was prepared for the worst.

"George," she said, as they were eating their breakfast from the kitchen china, "Xenophon must go. The wretched

animal has ill repaid us for our loving care. Our punch-bowl is gone. Our cut glass is shivered to atoms. Our delft china is ni more. The plate that Grandpa used when he was a child is broken into countless fragments. The children will be desolate, and I deplore it myself, but in self-defense we must get rid of the cat."

The Professor surveyed the ruin outwardly aghast, but behind his spectacles there was an inappropriate twinkle. "No more dinner parties yet awhile" was his ill-chosen comment. But his spouse turned on him, and he subsided.

So at ten o'clock the S. P. C. A. wagon called, and Xenophon, like his distinguished namesake, went on a long journey.

III. *A Temperance Interlude*

"I always thought he was rale pleasant," said Policeman Morison.

"Shure, so he was," said Barbara. "He was a fine ould fellow, Xenyphon was, but we had to get rid of him, he was that supercilious. Them alley-cats was his undoin', they led him into awful bad

company. But he was a rare ould cat, with a rale sinse of humor. Did I iver tell you about the time he got mixed up with the fly-paper?

"Well, ye see, it was some time ago. Xenyphon was quite young, he had his flightly ways on him still. It was a Sunday marnin', one o' them rale warm days like when you might be up on the third floor a-makin' your bed, and the ice man comes along. So you says to him 'A ten-cent piece, please,' an' he brings it in. But, be the saints, whin ye git downstairs a few minutes later, where's the ice? If ye look hard maybe ye can see a little splinter, no bigger than a butter-ball, divil a bit. So ye see it was warm.

"Faix, I knew somethin' was goin' to happen that day, for whin I was coming down the backstairs before breakfast, I tripped on the mousetrap the Mrs. always kapes there (she's afraid the mice'll git upstairs!) and inconvanienced me wrist."

"Which one?" said Policeman Morison.

"This here."

"Let's see."

"Oh no ye don't!" said Barbara.

“Well, sure enough, after breakfast, while I was just afther puttin’ out some new fly-papers in the pantry, for the flies was pesterin’ somethin’ cruel, in comes Mrs. Harrison with a telygram in her hand. ‘Oh Barbara,’ she says, in her bad-news voice, ‘I’ve jist got word that the Bishop will be here for dinner to-night. Will you tell cook to fix up somethin’ extra special, and we won’t have the wine jelly I ordered, for the Bishop is a stric’ toteetaler.’ So I says to cook, ‘Look here, we’re goin’ to have a stric’ teetotal Bishop here for supper, and the Mrs. wants us to fix everything up right. But you mustn’t put any o’ the juice in, because if ye do the Bishop will scent it out. The Mrs. says his nose for it is somethin’ wonderful.’ You see the Harrisons is kind o’ warm-hearted people, an’ they like a bit o’ the ould convivial in what they eat. So cook gets into the habit o’ puttin’ in a taste o’ the barley into most everythin’. Why shure I remember one day whin she spilt about half a glassful o’ Cruiskeen (what she was takin’ for her nerves after her ould man died) into some spinach. Well, acushla,

it was jist upon dinner time and it had to go on. So she mixed it up an' stirred it 'round as well as she cud, but faix, it was that strong I had to hold down the lid o' the dish whin I carried it in. Tar an' ages, but the Profissor took three helps, an' then he says 'This spinach has the rale Parasian twang.' So I says to cook 'He says that spinach is a worrk of art, divil the less.' An' iver since then she always put half a glass av grog in the spinach.

"So cook sit to work lookin' up Mrs. Rorer, an' I sint Jane, the housemaid, out to get a couple o' loaves o' bread. And everythin' wint well till right after lunch, whin we becrd the most frightful noise in the pantry that iver was, divil the less—a rollin' and bangin' and scufflin', an' then, jist as I was afther helpin' cook up onto a chair, came a yowlin' an' spittin' an' Xenyphon flopped into the room mixed up between two fly-papers for all the world like a ham-sandwidge. An' he rolled an' kicked and rushed about the kitchen so frightful that what with him screechin' an' cook yellin' bloody murther, I set me foot in one of the blue

soup-plates what the Mrs. kapes for Sundays.

“Faix, now we see what it was, an’ we tried to git hould of the baste, but he was jist naturally done up with the fly-paper into wan end an’ his nose an’ ears at the other. Wirra, wirra, ye should av seen him!

“Well, we didn’t know what to do, but whoile I was putting away the paces of the soup-plate an’ cook was gettin’ off of the chair, in come Mrs. Harrison who had heard the noise.

“ ‘Tar an’ ages! she cried, ‘what’s, doin’?’ an’ then she saw Xenyphon. I started to try an’ take off the fly-paper, but the pore cat, bad cess to him, made such a noise I had to stop. ‘What on airth will take off the Tanglefoot?’ asked Mrs. Harrison. ‘Alcohol will do it, mum,’ says the cook. ‘Barney O’Flynn,’ says the Mrs., ‘there’s not hide nor hair uv ut in the house, an’ shure we’ll have to do somethin’ right way or poor Xenny’ll go batty’—for the cat was wallop in round the floor like a mad crayture. ‘Try cookin’ brandy,’ said the cook.

'That's it' says the Mrs., so I ran for the bottle.

"Faix, we got most o' the paper off after about an hour's work, to say nothin' av the fur, but we left most o' the glue behind, an' the cat was nearly drowned in brandy, him objectin' most unraisonable all the time seen' we was doin' all we cud for him."

"Most onraisonable, under the circumstances," said Policeman Morison.

"Well, anyway, the kitchen smelt like a shebeenhouse. Xenyphon's fur, what was left av ut, was all plastered up in tight little knots an' he was rale shiny all over. Begorry he looked like one o' these Sivinth-day Baptists afther an immarsion. But we didn't have no time to do anythin' more for him so we let im go.

"About half an hour later I noticed him lickin' himself off very industrious, so I says to the cook—'Mary, what effec' does cookin' brandy have on cats?' 'Phwat effec' does it have on most people?' says the cook, with a wink. Then I knowed somethin' would happen.

"It was pretty near supper time before saw Xenyphon again, an' I declare it

was scandalous! Mother av mercy, the cat was drunk as a fiddler, for he come a-staggerin' into the kitchen, that dizzy he couldn't be afther standin' up straight with all four legs. Ye see in claning himself he had licked a cruel deal o' the sperit off of his fur, an' he was jist as convaniently tipsy as could be. Faix! but he was comical! He ca-apered around the kitchen like he was afther doin' a barn-dance, an' he fairly stunk o' brandy! Shure, 'tis a bad wind that don't benefit nobody!

" 'Saints presarve us!' says the cook, 'Too much o' the beamish for him! For the love av mercy don't let the Bishop see 'im!'

"The Bishop arrived on time, and we had an iligant dinner for him. Everythin' was fixed up swell, an maybe the dinin'-room didn't look fine, with little candles with red shades, an' flowers an' sich.

"Shure 'twas the first bishop I ever see, an' bein' as it was sich hot weather I envied 'im the way he wore his legs. But he was a foine-lookin' ould gintleman, and rale plaisant-like. 'Tar an' ages!'

says the cook, when she see him, ‘ ’Tis a pity sich a social ould crayture loses himself so much plaisir as he moight ^{get} from a nip o’ the poteen now an’ then.’

“Ye see, the cook knows what good sperits is.

“Well, dinner begun, the soup was iligant, for me thumb slipped in the Bishop’s plate as I was bringin’ it in, an’ I tasted it. Everythin’ went merry as a wake, till a little later as I was passin’ through to the kitchen, Xenyphon slipped through the door an’ into the dinin’-room. Ye see he was a great pet an’ he always used to come in for meals. He would sit on the arm of the Mrs.’s chair, and then he had a grand trick of jumpin’ up on people’s shoulders and rubbin’ his head forninst their cheek rale affectionate-like. Acushla, he was a great one!

“Faix, as I said, he kind o’ staggered into the dinin’ room. The Mrs. saw right away by the quare gleam in his eyes that somethin’ was wrong. Pore crayture, he must’ve had a sevaré headache for he kept on tryin’ to rub his head fornenst the carpet, but he couldn’t seem quite to jidge the distance for he’d kind o’ fall

down, an' then get up again, purrin' all the time like a bellows. The Mrs. motioned to me to take him out, for fear he'd be afther disgracin' himself, but aisier said nor done. Be St. Patrick, I tried to run him out the door, but he give a kind of purrin' noise and run under the table, so I had to let him go.

"If he'd stayed under there' twould've been all right, but the rogue found the catnip ball that he used to play with, an' faix, that started him off. The crazy spalpeen ran round an' round the table till it made me giddy to look at 'im, an' then all of a suddint he made a rush an' jumped onto the Bishop's shoulder. Maybe it wasn't the comical sight to see him there, his tail all fluffed up, his fur standin' out all over him in shiny little twists, an' his eyes big an' green an' wild-lookin'.

"The Bishop was startled most out of his wits. He turned his head around to see what it was, and Xenyphon rubbed his head agin his cheek rale sweetly, an' then the Bishop got a whiff o' the pore crayture's breath, and smelt the poteen that was all over 'im. Tar an' ages, it

pretty near staggered him! He kind o' sunk back in his chair, and musha! av ye could've seen his face!"

"What did he say?" asked Policeman Morison.

" 'Phe-ew,' he says, 'what an overpowerin' stench of liquor.' "

"Well," said Policeman Morison, as he got up to go, "I wish I had some o' that same overpowerin' stench."

"Look on the shelf," said Barbara.

IV. *Barbara's Diary*

January 1. I think I'll be after keeping a dairy. A dairy is a fine thing for prov-ing an allybi, which is, proving you wasn't somewhere where you really was. Mother used to say to me, Barbara Flanigan, if you kape a dairy and if ever you was arrested for murther, then you can prove you wasn't within ten mile of the corpse. Plase God! I got no murther on my consence, or suden death, I hope I never got none, Amen!

What I was going to say about the allybi was, for instance, if I don't say nothing in here about being out with

Casey Morison the other night, nobody'll know about it. And if the Mrs. wants to know where I was on such and such a day I can say I don't remember mum, but I'll look in my dairy and see.

I guess I better get up now, it's near 6 o'clock and an awful cold marning.

January 3. This was a nasty wet day. Yesterday was cook's day out. Last night I was laying in bed rading the third volume of *The Bloody Dishrag, or Who Slipped on the Cellar Stares* and in she come and fell down on her bed and then she groaned, and she said she was dyeing. I smelt poteen, just as strong as garlic it was, and acushla! ! I knew what was up but she groaned that fearsome I was rale scairt for a minute. I give her the paregoric bottle, which was nearest to hand, and then I says, Shall I get the Mrs.? I says.

No, let me die in piece! says the Cook! Oh Wirra! and she climbed into bed with all her clothes on and fell asleep.

This marning she woke up real pious. The Mrs. heard her singing hymns and knew something was wrong. But we got

through all right, except she spilt the mashed potatoes on the floor.

On looking this over I guess I better make 2 dairies, one for me to remimber by, and one for the Mrs. in case I want to show her the dairy. This way:

FOR THE MRS.

A wet day.
Poor cook was desper-
ate ill in the night.
Shined the silver this
afternoon.
Fed the cat.

FOR ME

A wet day.
Cook came home drunk.
'Tis her only wakeness.

January 4. This was my day out. I wore my new suit and hat I got at Eisenberg's Friday bargains. I met the Professor on Lennox Street. He didn't recognize me. Casey met me down town and we went to a Vodevil, which was fine. Som of the jokes were ticklish good and I tried to mimorize siveral to tell to Cook (she has a grand sinse of humor) but when I got back and woke her up to tell her thim I cud only remember one.

Coming back I sliped on some ice and jolted my backbone considerable. It makes me rale onaisy when I set down. I hope it'll wear off soon.

January 5. Casey and me has a plan. You know, we're going to be maried when

we get enough money to settle down on (I ain't broke it to the Mrs. yet) and Casey's working hard to be promoted to a sargent. Well, I says to him he other day, Casey dear! I got an inspire. Would a daring rescue and headlines in the paper, help you any? Why, shure, says he, but what—Ah, there you are, says I! never mind, we can fix it. Suppose I was to be walking down by the dock, p'rhaps, says I, and was to fall overboard! Suppose you was hanging round, then you cud be afther making the gallant rescue, why not? That's what Lord Vere de did in *The Bloody Dishrag*, says I. You'll have a photygraph in the paper and get your stripes for shure.

Well! says Casey, like the thoughtful swateheart that he is. Supposin' you was to drown?

Musha! says I, I can swim a little bit. Cook was afther showing me the other day, when she came home with too much eggnog on board. Besides, I won't be in the wather long, for you must come in afther me.

So we fixed it for next Thursday.

January 7.

FOR THE MRS.

Swept the dining room.
Claned the silver.
Turned off 3 pedlers.
Fed the cat.
P. S. The cat's got
fleas.

FOR ME

We got a new pet now,
a parot, an ungintle-
menly bird uses bad lan-
guage and calls out Bar-
bara! barbara! all the
time and brings me down-
stares from the top of the
house! id like to ring its
neck.

I put some inseck pow-
der on the cat and he
went and rubbed it all
over the Mrs.'s bed.

January 8.

FOR THE MRS.

One of the gold fishes
died.
This was a bad day!
Cook wasn't well.

FOR ME

The cat got him.
Cook dropped the mash-
ed potato on the floor, we
scraped it up all rite.

Drunk agen.

The punch bowl fell off
the top shelf in the pantry
somehow I don't know
how.

Also the bottom fell out
of the ice chest!

The plumer came and
opened up the dranes.
The Mrs. is going to At-
lantic city for a few days.

January 10.

We had a bad scare last night. Casey took me out to the policemen's ball over to the station house and the Perfessor lent me the lach key to get in with and I got back about 1 o'clock and got in afther some troble all right. I was coming

through the dining room when all to once the parot starts to scrache Murther! Fire! Burgulars!! I was that scairt I sliped agen a chair! Pitch dark it was and down I fell entirely and the chair too! Also a big tin tray on the table fell off and made a noise like fire alarms! The perfessor woke up and rushes downstares with a pistol. Hands up! he yells. I struggled to my footing and says it's only me, Barbara! O dear me! he says peevish like! Why didn't you say so before?

I was that nervous you cud have knocked me down with a dish clout and when I got upstares, there was Cook saying her prayers, she thought the house was being burgled.

January 11. This was the grate day when Casey saved me from a wathery grave.

I went down to the docks the afthernoon, and saw him there, standing beside a street corner. So I walks along by the edge of the wather. It looked awful cold, and I saw a carot floating in it and it was sort of gresy like Monday soup. I began to get scairt, but I thinks of Casey's

stripes and screws up my courage. Pretty soon I slipped on a banana peel and over I went—aisy as aisy.

Musha! but it was could!! Me head went under once and me clothes got heavy and I thought I would drown shure and me head went under agen and then came a splash and somebody grabed me and some one threw a rope and afore I knew it almost we was dragged up fornent the pier agen, Casey with his arms round me and me too full of wather to even spake. Everybody pats Casey on the back and I knew he was a sargent for sure. I was that happy I didn't mind being so wet looking like a drowned rat nothing less and every sole looking at me.

We rode back in a pathrol wagon, for I wouldn't go in no ambylance not me. Oh Casey dear, says I! Now they'll have your photygraph in the paper and you'll get your stripes!

My own brave little Barbara! he says or words to that effect and then with the driver lookin' on he—

If I'm going to get slushy, I got to quit this dairy which ain't no place for it. It don't look good in writing anyway.

A Ballad of Midyears

(With apologies to Lewis Carroll.)

The sun was shining, and the day
Was fair as fair could be
And yet the student's faces were
Contracted mournfully.
Why so? Once more the time had come
For Midyears, don't you see?

A stern and cold Professor
Sat in the lecture-room,
The students bore as bold an air
As they could well assume,
But their faces soon grew pallid, for
The place seemed like a tomb.

Two undergraduates came up,
Their actions were not eager,
They bit their nails and plainly showed
Their information meager.
"Well," said the Junior to his friend,
"What do you know of Seager?"

"The time has come," the Prof. now said,
"To talk of many things,
Of Marginal Utility
And of the Book of Kings;
Please state the Laws of Mesmer
And of Vibrating Strings."

"Please, sir," the undergraduates said
Turning a little blue,
"We didn't understand that that
Was what we had to do!"
The grim Professor only said
"So much the worse for you!"

The sun's no longer shining, in
The West the day has sunk,
But in their room by candlelight
The exiles pack their trunk.
Why so? They hate to leave, but this
Is now their fifteenth flunk!

Pirates

MARIE LOUISE, aged ten, was obviously dissatisfied with the existing state of affairs, and as she sat on her bed and surveyed the clean frock before her, she swung her plump legs in disgust. "I don' wanna wear clean close every day," she protested, with an unmistakable pout. "I don' wanna stay home an' play dolls. I wanna have fun, an' be a pirate, an' a cannibal, an' shoot people,—an'—an' all sorts of things!"

Marie Louise ought to have been born a boy, for never did a more fiery Viking spirit burn in mortal breast. From the time when she was an "unbreeched human entity" a zeal for adventure had spurred her on to the most unheard-of undertakings. When she had been discovered bathing with the boys down in the creek her mother had thought that this was the climax of unconventionality, and that nothing more was to be feared; but the very next day she astounded the policeman on the block by marching up to him and requesting the loan of his revolver for

a few minutes. "There's a horrid old Tom cat up in our garden," she said, "an' I'm goin' to shoot 'um!" And when the bluecoat laughed at her she marched off in high dudgeon. Her father always smiled at her exploits, and said she would outgrow them, but Mrs. Cochran felt differently. She was in a perpetual flutter of nervousness about what Marie Louise would do next. It was impossible to forbid the child to do things, for no one could foresee what would enter her active little mind. "You never *told* me not to borrow p'liceman's pistols," she said, quite sincerely, to her mother, her large brown eyes wide open with surprise.

But lately Marie Louise had been very good, and her mother really thought she was outgrowing her tomboyishness. For three afternoons she had not played ball with the boys nor gone fishing in the creek, but had stayed near home and played at "jacks" or paper dolls. But now, on this beautiful Saturday morning in June, the reaction had come, and she eyed the clean ruffled frock with disgust.

"I wish I had some overalls," she sighed. "I want to be a pirate, an' pirates

don't wear ruffles." But the breakfast bell rang just then so she put on the dress and ran downstairs.

Marie Louise was a thoughtful little girl, and knew that a declaration of her buccaneering intentions would distress her mother, so she said nothing of her plans. After breakfast, when she had done her piano practice, she slipped quietly out of the front door and ran down the street to see Martha. Martha was Marie Louise's boon chum, not quite so daring, perhaps, but a worthy second in all her exploits. "Lead, and I follow," was her motto, for she felt that whatever Marie Louise did must be all right.

The two houses were only a few yards apart, and Marie Louise met Martha just coming out.

"Oh Muwwy," said the latter, "I was just coming to see you."

But Marie Louise did not stop for the ordinary topics of conversation. She glanced around to see that no one was within ear-shot.

"Promise you'll never tell?" she whispered breathlessly.

Martha was used to these sudden con-

fidences, so she answered tranquilly in the affirmative.

"Hope to die if you do?" continued Marie Louise.

"Yes."

"Crook fingers?"

"Yes," and they solemnly intertwined their little fingers to ensure secrecy.

"Well, let's be pirates!" said Marie Louise, in a thrilling whisper.

Martha's eyes danced, and she skipped with glee at the thought; but then her face sobered. "How can we?" she asked. "Do you know how?"

"Sure I do," was the scornful retort. "You wear a red hank'cher on your head, an' carry a cutlass, an' sometimes a wooden leg. I read it all in *Treasure Island*."

"I don't want a wooden leg," objected Martha.

"Oh, well, that's only for specials," said Marie Louise. "We can pretend. Let's get a disguise, an' then we can go down to the creek an' hunt for the treasure."

Martha led the way into the house, and they crept up the backstairs to the nursery to seek materials for proper

piratical costumes. Here they rearranged their clothing ruthlessly.

"I don't want this old dress," said Marie Louise, and removed it promptly. "I got bloomers on anyway." Martha followed suit, and then two bandanna handkerchiefs were found, one red and one blue. "I think p'rhaps I better use the red one," said Marie Louise, "if I'm going to be John Silver. Don't you?" she added politely. "You be Tom Morgan."

"Who's John Silver?" asked Martha, taking the blue handkerchief and adjusting it round her head.

"Oh, he was a sea-cook with one leg."

"Well, you've got two, haven't you?"

"Well, I can make believe, can't I, silly?" retorted Marie Louise. "You've got to use your 'magination in this game. I can limp, I guess."

"What's Tomorgan?" persisted Martha, somewhat bewildered by these changes of name.

"It isn't a it" said Marie Louise in scorn. "He's a bloody pirate."

The costumes were quickly arranged. Both buccaneers were chastely attired in

bloomers, those of John Silver being white, and of Tom Morgan blue. Silver wore an old red sweater, much too large, tightly girt in by a belt, through which a cap pistol and a wooden cutlass were thrust. Tom Morgan disdained to wear anything over his "Mother's Friend" waist except a bright red sash, which supported an ugly looking dagger and another pistol. Thus accoutred they slunk down the back stairs and out into the open air. Disregarding screams from the cook, a quick dash through the garden and down the lane carried them to the long sloping meadow that led down to the creek. Here, waist-deep among the long sun-warmed grass dotted with fragrant daisies and clover, they halted to reconnoitre.

"Which way shall we go?" queried Morgan. "How do I know?" returned Silver. "We must look at the chart," and he drew a much crumpled paper from his bosom.

To Morgan the chart looked much like a Butterick pattern, and he thought he saw the words "No. 360609, Ladies' Walking Suit," but he refrained from comment.

"North leads to the treasure," said Silver solemnly. "Forward, gen'lemen of Fortune!" and they set off through the long grass. Silver's limp was discarded as too fatiguing.

A thrush whirred up in front of them. "Oh! we ought to have Captain Flint with us!" exclaimed Long John Silver.

"Who?" said Tom Morgan, adjusting his handkerchief, which would slip down over one eye.

"A parrot—he ought to sit on my shoulder an' babble curses—the book says so."

"I guess we better not. He'd be a nuisance anyway!"

"Oh, Tom Morgan, you're a little silly! We got to do the way it says in the book. Now come on, or I'll tip you the black spot! There's a treasure waiting for us not far off."

Poor Morgan did not understand the allusion to the black spot, but he was afraid to ask for explanations and they proceeded in silence. The day was very warm, and the June sun eat relentlessly on the two gallant little figures breasting through the long grass. The bare legs

were scratched by the stems, and large drops of perspiration trickled down two small noses. Silver's bloomers were no longer snowy white, for too close attention to an imaginary compass landed him ignominiously in a small ditch and stained the seat of his pantaloons a sodden brown. Tom Morgan stumbled over a concealed root and fell to the earth with a jar that produced more than one real black spot on his sun-burnt shins. It grew warmer and warmer, and finally Silver was glad to remove the sweater.

"I'll tie it on my cutlass an' use it for a flag," he said.

"Pirate flags ought to be black," objected Tom Morgan.

"Well, its' been soaked in blood," retorted the resourceful sea-cook.

They pressed on bravely until the stream was reached, where Silver called a halt.

"Gen'lemen of fortune," he said impressively, "shall we hunt for treasure, or go in wading?"

Tom Morgan cast a longing glance at the cool water.

"In the book they get the treasure," added Silver hastily.

"Let's get the treasure," said Morgan.

Long John pored closely over the chart. "Twenty steps beyond that tree," he said finally, pointing to a large oak on the bank of the creek. "I'll race you to it."

They started gaily, but half way Silver, who was leading, stumbled and fell. He rose quickly, his face still smiling, but suddenly his expression changed, and he ugly bruise on his leader's leg, and putting his arms around the sufferer, sought to console him.

"There, there, Muwwy, it'll be all right in a minute," he murmured tenderly.

"It won't be all right, my leg's broken, an' I'm not Muwwy, I'm John Silver, an' I think you're mean, you don't play right!" wailed the disconsolate sea-cook. The tender-hearted Morgan saw he had taken the wrong tack. He waited a moment till the tears had subsided and then whispered "John Silver!"

"Well?"

"You're all right, John Silver! You see, it was your wooden leg!"

The logic of this did not seem to impress Silver at first, but then he jumped up, rubbed a grimy face with his arm, and said "Come on, let's get the treasure!"

But when they reached the big tree, they found a small boy sitting on the bank, absorbed in fishing.

"S-s-s-h!" said Silver. It's Ben Gunn!"

But Ben was sharp in hearing. "It's not!" he cried. "My name's Jimmy Barnes!"

"Well, I'm John Silver, an' she's Tom Morgan, an' you can be Ben Gunn if you want to," said Silver generously. He could afford to be generous, for, as he explained to Morgan, "Nobody minds Ben Gunn." Besides, he was such a little chap, only nine years old!

They explained the situation, and Ben was delighted. He drew in his line, detached the bent pin, hid it carefully in a hollow in the tree, and they attacked the spot where the treasure hoard should be.

It was hot work digging with sticks, for they had forgotten the spades. Deeper

and deeper grew the hole, and tired and tired the pirates, but nothing was to be found. At last Silver's stick broke, and he cast it away with disgust. "Someone else must of got it all," he said gloomily.

Ben Gunn gazed at him in dismay. He hesitated, and then his freckled face lighted up. "I know a secret!" he said blithely.

"That's nothing," said Silver. "So do I."

"Me too!" said Morgan, not to be outdone, and then tried to think what it was.

Ben Gunn's face fell, but he was shrewd for his years, and knew the ways of wom— of buccaneers. He picked up his stick again and fell to scraping in the hole. For several minutes there was silence. Then a plaintive voice fell upon his ear.

"Ben Gunn!" it said.

No answer.

"Ben Gunn!"

Still no answer.

"Ben Gunn, I won't tell!"

"Me either," said Morgan.

Ben peered thoughtfully into the depths

of the excavation, examined a small pebble found there, polished it on his knee, slipped it into his pocket, and then turned towards the others.

“Swear?” he said. “Hope to die?”

Silver and Morgan affirmed solemnly, and Ben Gunn seemed satisfied by these theoretical oaths. He led the way back to the tree, and drew from its recesses a battered tin box.

“Goody! The treasure?” gasped Silver.

Ben Gunn nodded, and shook the box, which resounded within with scrapings and scramblings. The pirates waited with bated breath as he slowly raised the lid, and displayed three vigorous crayfish.

“O-o-o-h” exclaimed Morgan.
“Where’d you get ’em?”

“Caught ’em!” said Ben Gunn, proudly. “They’re devil-crabs—awful dang’rous!” and he displayed several livid spots on his fingers.

“Do they bite?” asked Silver.

“Try, an’ see!”

Silver extended his hand towards the smallest crayfish, and then hesitated.

“Does it hurt much?” he asked.

“Not if you’re brave,” said Ben Gunn,

contemptuously, and put his hand in front of the smallest one. The crayfish seized a finger promptly, and hung on grimly. Ben let it hang a minute or so, then shook it off, stuck his hands in his pockets and began to whistle.

John Silver was not to be outdone, and put a small brown thumb temptingly before the largest crayfish, which seized it instantly. The sea-cook's face grew pale, and his lip quivered, but he said nothing. Finding the thumb tough and indigestible, the crayfish dropped off after a long minute, and John Silver put the wounded member in his mouth. "Good for you," said Ben Gunn admiringly. Then they both turned on the luckless Morgan.

"Are you brave, too?" asked Ben Gunn. "Girls with blue eyes usually ain't!"

The buccaneer resented this vile insinuation. "I'm not a girl, I'm Tomorgan, a bloody pirate!" he cried, and plunged his hand recklessly into the tin box. Three pairs of nippers seized it and the wretched pirate scarce suppressed a cry of pain, but after the previous example of hero-

ism he was determined to do or die. He stood quite motionless for fully half a minute before stammering, the maligned blue eyes full of tears—"W—will that do?"

"Gee, you *are* plucky," said Ben Gunn. "I take it all back." So Morgan shook off the incensed crayfish.

"Let's put away the crabs," said he, ruefully surveying his small brown hand. This proposal was carried *nem. con.*, and the unfortunate crustaceans were once more immured in the tree.

Ben Gunn felt he had been somewhat outdone in the ordeal by crayfish, so he changed the subject. Can you swim?" he asked Silver.

"Yes," said the sea-cook, "but mother said I wasn't to, never again, without a bathing suit." And certain soft portions of his anatomy tingled as he thought of the spanking he received on that occasion.

"Well, then," said Ben Gunn, "let's hunt buffaloes. I know where they's some awful big ones!"

In this and kindred pursuits the long summer morning slipped away, and it was not until they heard the 1.15 train, that they thought of the time.

"John Silver," whispered Morgan, as they lay side by side in the jungle of tangled grass-stems, stalking an antelope, "It's pretty near lunch time."

"Is it?" said Silver, suddenly realizing that he was very hungry. "I guess we better go home." So bidding farewell to Ben Gunn, who trudged off along the creek, they set out across the field.

"Daddy comes home on that train Saturdays," said John Silver, as their good ship ploughed its way over the meadow—no longer a meadow, however, but the broad and rolling ocean. "Let's jump out on him an' scuttle him!"

Thus it was that Mr. Cochran, while walking up the lane from the station, was boarded by two hot and hilarious little pirates.

"Oh papa!" shouted Marie Louise, as she swarmed up the rigging, "I'm John Silver an' Martha's Tom Morgan, an' we've been hunting for treasure an' found a secret, an' Ben Gunn, an Oh! we had *such* a good time, an' please, *please* don't tell us not to do it again!"

Mr. Cochran looked down at the disreputable buccaneers. John Silver's

bloomers were stained a dull brown and green from crawling through the jungle, and were badly torn where a buffalo had gored him. The red sweater, sadly elongated as to arms, was tied bulkily round his waist, like a life-preserver. Tom Morgan's "Mother's Friend" was daubed with mud, and both pairs of sunburnt legs were covered with scratches and bruises. Mr. Cochran felt like frowning, but the merry little faces were irresistible. He smiled down at them good-naturedly, and proceeded slowly up the lane with one small buccaneer hanging on each arm, and both talking hard.

"Now, chickabiddies," he said, as they got near home, "Run in by the back way, and don't let your mothers see you till you've changed your clothes."

Mr. and Mrs. Cochran were sitting at lunch when Marie Louise appeared, radiant after a bath and in a clean frock, with a new ribbon in her hair.

"Where have you been all morning, childy?" asked her mother, smiling at the dainty little vision in white.

"Pirating," said Marie Louise happily, and showed a brown thumb with a small blue mark on it. "See?"

A Grand Opera Incident

I.

OF COURSE you have heard of the famous grand opera war that was waged for so long between the two great rival companies in New York. But I think the facts have never before been made public of how Mr. Conright, of the Petromolitan Opera House, infuriated by the successes of Mr. Oscar Hatchetstein and the Hoboken Opera Company, tried to break up the Philadelphia debut of the latter, and how the attempt was foiled by the genius of Mr. Hatchetstein.

The Petromolitan Company had for a number of years given performances in the Quaker City, and regarded it as a great infringement of their privileges when Mr. Hatchetstein proposed to do the same, introducing the famous tenor whom he had just brought over from Europe. Accordingly Mr. Conright tried to prevent him from getting a suitable theatre in Philadelphia, even tried to

bribe him not to go, but when Hatchetstein still persisted, and even thumbed his nose in scorn at all opposition, Conright swore by all that he held sacred, that he would render ridiculous the Philadelphia performance of *Faust*. And so, on the fateful night, while Mr. Hatchetstein's company was proceeding from their special train to the theatre, two burly ruffians leaped upon the foreign tenor, thrust him into a cab, and made off with all possible speed.

But, not satisfied with this step, the unscrupulous Conright had bribed one of the stage hands to remove surreptitiously, the jewels from the casket just before the famous jewel scene in the Third Act, and replace them by an active mouse. This, he knew, would completely unnerve Marguerite, so that even if the kidnapping of the tenor was not successful, this would effectually demoralize the performance. These infamous schemes having been carefully arranged, Mr. Conright himself came down from New York by an evening train, having purchased a proscenium box from which to witness the discomfiture of his rival.

II.

Oscar Hatchetstein, the impresario, was in a frenzy of rage and despair. The Academy of Music was packed from dome to footlights with one of Philadelphia's justly famous musical audiences, who were already beginning to grow impatient. The curtain was to have risen on the long-heralded grand opera revival at eight sharp, and here it was ten minutes after. But where was the tenor? The world-famous Osurac, the silver-throated singer from Milan, who was to make his American debut before the elite of Philadelphia in the title role of Faust—*had disappeared!*

Mr. Hatchetstein tore his musical hair, (He was really bald, but did you ever hear of a bald impresario?) It seemed incredible. He had carefully packed the whole cast, scenery and all, on the special train from the famous Hoboken Opera House, and had gone round distributing words of cheer and cough-lozenges. All were there then and he had retired to his private car to have a hand (of bridge) with the chorus girls. And now, when

the stage was laid, scenery ready, and the orchestra just about to begin the overture, Osurac, who had to be on the stage at the rise of the curtain, was nowhere to be found.

Suddenly piercing shrieks arose from the dressing room of Mme. Pentazzini, who was to doff twenty years and take the part of the girlish Marguerite. Knowing the vagaries of the artistic temperament, Mr. Hatchetstein hastened to the door with consternation written on his face. The star lay prostrate on the couch while the maid was binding up her foot. It was her ill-chosen custom to let fall a dagger onto the floor three times before every performance. If it remained sticking upright each time, the omens were favorable. All had gone well on the first two trials, but on the third cast, Mme. Pentazzini had carelessly let the weapon fall on her foot, and had impaled her toe.

This seemed the last straw, but the volatile impresario was not the man to give in lightly to misfortune. Was he to disappoint the enthusiastic audience and mar the first Philadelphia apperance of his company? And besides, when looking

at the audience through the peep-hole in the curtain, had he not seen that viper Conright sitting complacently in one of the boxes, watching with a sarcastic smile the growing impatience of the audience? Rather than gratify the malice of his rival he would take desperate chances. What was that flaring advertisement he had seen on Market Street?

GRAND OPERA IN YOUR HOME

By the Phonograph

*Close Your Eyes and You Cannot Tell the
Record From the Original*

A gleam of inspiration crossed his mind.

Sending the Stage Manager before the curtain to explain that a painful attack of gout on the part of Mme. Pentazzini, would delay the performance a few minutes, he ordered a couple of men to run at full speed to the office of the phonograph company, and bring back the largest machine in stock, with the records of Osurac in *Faust*. Hustling aside the inquisitive supes he himself rushed to the dressing room where the Valet was awaiting the missing tenor.

"Make me up as Faust," he roared. "*Vite! Vite! Vite!*" his French getting the better of him in his excitement, and the astonished man obeyed as quickly as he could. Fortunately Mr. Hatchetstein was of very nearly the same build as Signor Osurac, and the costume displayed to perfection the graces of his manly form. "I always *was* proud of that leg" murmured the impresario to himself as he gazed affectionately at the member in question, now well displayed in tights. In his earlier days he had sung tenor in a minor company, and had even essayed the role of Faust, and although his voice, never very good, had failed him utterly, yet he was quite familiar with the part and knew that with the aid of the prompter he could act it all right. If only the phonograph did not fail him, all would be well. He adjusted the turned-up moustache that Osurac always wore, laced in his embonpoint a little more tightly and surveyed himself in the glass. Even an expert could hardly tell the difference between him and the absent singer, so well had the dresser done his part. With

a jaunty smile he strutted out on the stage.

The phonograph had just arrived. It was a tremendous machine, as large as a small trunk, and the stage carpenter had enlarged the horn with a sheet of tin so that it now was at least six feet long, and as much in diameter at the mouth. They put it on a table and wheeled it up against the back scene. The records were carefully sprinkled with talkum powder to insure sweetness of tone. Mr. Hatchetstein strode onto the stage, seated himself at Faust's study table and had the ray of electric moonlight centered on his face. And then, amid an expectant hush, the curtain went up.

Surely there never was such a performance either before or since. The phonograph worked splendidly. Mr. Hatchetstein threw extraordinary emotion into his gestures and movements. The action of his mouth was magnificent, wonderful, and who could have told that the mellow tones which thrilled through the theatre were not his? The well-powdered records lent no suspicion of metallic quality to the voice, which

reproduced all the purity of the original. From the galleries, where sit the true enthusiasts who come to see, not to be seen, came round after round of applause as the notes floated up to them. Mr. Hatchetstein's acting carried all before it. As the critic from the *Press* said, "his pathos was so convincing, his interpretation so authoritative" that when the curtain fell on the first act he was recalled again and again. Even Mr. Conright, who knew nothing of the true state of affairs, was amazed.

When Mme. Pentazzini appeared in the second act as Marguerite, there was great curiosity on the part of the audience to see how she bore her distressing attack of gout, but realizing how much depended on the success of the performance, she displayed unusual fortitude and showed no sign of her wounded foot. Indeed, she acted her difficult part with unusual sprightliness.

It was during this act that Mr. Hatchetstein, happening to be off the stage for a few moments, had to rebuke the chorus girls with some severity for the noise they were making over an

escaped mouse, which had been discovered hidden away in a shoe-box.

But all went well until toward the end of the third act. The jewel scene, which the villainous Conright had awaited eagerly, passed by tranquilly, and his rage knew no bounds. He was about to leave the theatre when he noticed that the music seemed to drag.

Mr. Hatchetstein gazed around him in dismay. Evidently something was wrong with the phonograph. Behind the scenes he could hear frenzied whispers, but he dared not relax, so he continued his love-making to Marguerite. Slower and slower grew his passionate protestations as the notes came more and more reluctantly from the phonograph. But it was not within his power to respond. His only hope was that the machine would hold out until the end of the act when it could be tinkered up. Those behind the scenes dared not touch it now for fear of silencing it altogether.

More and more pregnant grew the impresario's gestures, more and more appealing his glance as the syllables fell haltingly from the phonograph. "Do

you really love me?" sang Marguerite, and his vehement response was dragged out, syllable by syllable, over several minutes. And then suddenly there was an awful pause, and he stood before the blushing virgin with mouth open and eyes aflame, but no sound came forth. For an instant there was a frightful silence, and then he heard a clattering of footsteps behind the scenes. His eye fell on the wings, and instantly he threw himself out of sight behind a rose bush as Signor Osurac, pale and dishevelled, but correctly garbed as Faust, rushed onto the stage. The orchestra struck up, Osurac's magnificent voice took up the tale, and as the curtain descended a minute later the house rocked with applause. The opera was saved. But behind a canvas rosebush lay Mr. Hatchetstein in a dead faint.

I quote from the next morning's Philadelphia *Ledger*:

"Not the least striking feature of this really epoch-making performance was the magnificent work of Osurac. He was in splendid voice, and his *altissimo* notes were thrilling. His acting, too, was

unusually spirited. If possible, his voice seemed to tire in the last two acts and seemed more natural and unstrained in the first three, when the golden tones flowed with entrancing ease and sweetness.

On the whole it was the most striking production of *Faust on record*."

To a Grasshopper

Dear little devotee of nicotine,
Blithe singer in the myriad choir of June,
So gaily thankful for the sunny boon
Of grassy wilderness warm and green:
O happy voice! Although by us unseen
The sweetest whisper in the drowsy noon,
Long may you live to lilt your tiny tune
And fill the meadows with your piping
 keen!

Ah me! I sometimes wish that even we,
Free from the cold paralysis of care,
Oblivious of the coming winter's chills,
Might live and laugh and love, from fear
 set free,
And find the world as singularly fair
As does the singer of the sunny hills.

The Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson

“WHEN you have read, you carry away with you a memory of the man himself; it is as though you had touched a loyal hand, looked into brave eyes, and made a noble friend.”

In the whole history of literature there is no man whose writings have endeared him more to the race than Robert Louis Stevenson. There is no finer, more lovable personality to be met with in the realm of books than this slender, brown-eyed Scotsman. How truly do his own words, quoted above, express the feelings with which we look back upon his pages.

We all know Stevenson as a teller of fascinating and enthralling stories—*Tusitala*, “The Teller of Tales,” his dearly-loved Samoans called him, and there are few of us who have not heard the tarry seamen singing at the capstan bars, and known the thunder of the long green surges on the beach of Treasure Island. Many of us, too, know the power and inspiration of his essays, and have lingered with delight over their charming

and healthy philosophy. But too few are familiar with his letters, where he lays his mind bare to us, and where those already fond of him may learn to love him for the greatness of his manhood and the nobility of his soul. The striking words which he once wrote on the fly-leaf of *Memories and Portraits* apply even more truly to his letters:

“Much of my soul is here interred,
My very past and mind.
Who listens nearly to the printed word
May hear the heart behind.”

Stevenson did not love writing letters, and referred to himself as one “essentially and originally incapable of the art epistolary.” But this was one of his whimsical exaggerations. He was at times an irregular correspondent, but I doubt whether more charming and delightful letters were ever written; and considering his express aversion to the task, he was wonderfully industrious, as Mr. Colvin testifies in the introduction to *The Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson*. This collection contains about four hun-

dred and sixty of the most interesting and characteristic letters.

The charm and vigor of these writings makes us realize his wonderfully winning personality as nearly, I suppose, as is possible for those who never knew him. In them we see his intense, sympathetic, hot-blooded nature as it revealed itself to his closest friends. We do not find Stevenson the consummate artist, but Stevenson the conversationalist, spontaneous, whimsical, overflowing with mirth, the creature of mood and fancy. In them too, there comes to the surface that vein of sadness which grew upon him more in later life, but which he never allowed to cloud his conversation.

In his letters he lets his fancy run free. Facts—"sordid facts" as he called them—were not the most important things. "I deny," he writes, "that letters should contain news (I mean mine; those of other people should). But mine should contain appropriate sentiments and humorous nonsense, or nonsense without the humour." "Business letters, letters of information, and letters of courtesy he had sometimes to write," Mr. Colvin

tells us, with unconscious naïveté, "but when he wrote best was under the influence or impression, or the mere whim or mood, of the moment; pouring himself out in all manner of rhapsodical confessions and speculations, grave or gay, notes of observation and criticism, snatches of remembrance and autobiography, moralisings or matters uppermost for the hour in his mind, comments on his own work or other people's, or mere idle fun and foolery."

The reader does not want to be told about such letters as these—he wants to be left alone with them, to learn for himself the personality of the man behind the pen; but it may not be amiss to quote a few here to stimulate others to read them.

What we all love and admire most in Stevenson is his indomitable courage. Well might he have said, in the words of his friend Henley,

"In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud.
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed."

Throughout his life he was delicate, threatened with consumption, shattered by frequent hemorrhages, and had to live, as his wife said, "as though he were walking on eggs." How many of his readers, knowing only the gaiety and courage of his books, dream of the truth of the following words, which he wrote to Mr. George Meredith in 1893, a year before his death:

"For fourteen years I have not had a day's real health; I have wakened sick and gone to bed weary; and I have done my work unflinchingly. I have written in bed, and written out of it, written in hemorrhages, written in sickness, written torn by coughing, written when my head swam for weakness; and for so long, it seems to me I have won my wager and recovered my glove. I am better now, have been, rightly speaking, since first I came to the Pacific; and still, few are the days when I am not in some physical distress. And the battle goes on—ill or well, is a trifle; so as it goes. I was made for a contest, and the Powers have so willed that my battlefield should be this

dingy inglorious one of the bed and the physic bottle."

Such was the heroic spirit that was confined in his thin, frail body. And how does he speak of life? Is there ever a note of discontent? Of disappointment? Of complaint?

"And still this world appears a brave gymnasium, full of sea-bathing, and horse-exercise, and bracing, manly virtues."

And then again he says "Gentleness and cheerfulness, these come before all morality; they are the perfect duties. . . . If your morals make you dreary, depend upon it they are wrong. I do not say 'give them up,' for they may be all you have; but conceal them like a vice, lest they should spoil the lives of better and simpler people."

"It is in such a world . . . that I am very glad to fight out my battle, and see some fine sunsets; and hear some excellent jests between whiles round the camp-fire."

And so one might quote for pages, passages of simple, brave, manly philosophy. Can anything be more splendid than this? It brings a whiff of real

courage—one is the better for reading it. Even of his trials he could speak in genial vein. Just a month before his death he writes rather humorously to James Payn:

“I have done perhaps as much work as anybody else under the most deplorable conditions. . . . I’ll tell you the worst day that I remember. I had a hemorrhage, and was not allowed to speak; then, induced by the devil, or an errant doctor, I was led to partake of that bowl which neither cheers nor inebriates—the castor oil bowl. Now, when castor oil goes right, it is one thing; but when it goes wrong, it is another. And it went wrong with me that day. The waves of faintness and nausea succeeded each other for twelve hours, and I do feel a legitimate pride in thinking that I stuck to my work all through and wrote a good deal of *Admiral Guinea* (which I might just as well not have written for all the reward it ever brought me) in spite of the barbarous bad conditions.”

In spite of his delicate constitution, Stevenson was a lover of the open air and the blue sky. Who does not know his

capital little song, *The Vagabond*, written to an air by Schubert?

“Give to me the life I love,
Let the lave go by me.
Give the jolly heaven above
And the byway nigh me.
Bed in the bush with stars to see,
Bread I dip in the river—
There’s the life for a man like me,
There’s the life forever.”

At the age of twenty-one he writes most charmingly to a college chum, telling of a vacation ramble in the Highlands.

“I have been walking to-day by a colonnade of beeches along the brawling Allan. My character for sanity is quite gone, seeing that I cheered my lonely way with the following, in a triumphant chaunt: ‘Thank God for the grass and the fir-trees, and the crows and the sheep, and the sunshine, and the shadows of the fir-trees.’ I hold that he is a poor mean devil who can walk alone, in such a place and in such weather, and doesn’t set up his lungs and cry back to the birds and the river.”

One of his most characteristic thoughts comes in *Prince Otto*. "There's no music like a little river's. It plays the same tune (and that's the favourite) over and over again, and yet does not weary of it like men fiddlers. It takes the mind out of doors; and though we should be grateful for good houses, there is, after all, no house like God's out-of-doors. And lastly, sir, it quiets a man down like saying his prayers."

This reminds one of his dictum in *An Inland Voyage*: "After a good woman, a good book, and tobacco, there is nothing so agreeable on earth as a river." Who would not cry Amen to that!

Stevenson also had an intense passion for the sea, as he thought, inherited. Every boy has it, of course, but with Stevenson it was life-long. He loved a ship "as a man loves Burgundy or day-break." The sea-travel was to him the redeeming feature of light-house engineering (for which he was originally trained); and he writes "I love the sea as much as I hate gambling. Fine, clean emotions; a world all and always beautiful; air better than wine; interest

unflagging: there is upon the whole no better life." In 1887 he writes from Saranac Lake to a cousin:

"I have been made a lot of here, and it is sometimes pleasant, sometimes the reverse; but I could give it all up, and agree that ——— was the author of my works, for a good seventy-ton schooner and the coins to keep her on. And to think there are parties with yachts who would make the exchange!" His wish was gratified, partially at least, less than a year later, for from 1888-1891, nearly three years, he and his wife cruised about the South Seas in various yachts and steamers. Except for the absence of his old friends, this was probably the happiest period of his life.

Akin to his love for the open road and the sea, and characteristic of his ever youthful spirit was his healthy enthusiasm for "books of adventure."

"Sailor tales to sailor tunes

Storm and adventure, heat and cold,
 . . . schooners, islands, and maroons
 And Buccaneers and buried Gold"

were probably even more exciting to him than to his enthusiastic boy readers. I quote from a letter of his to Henley, in 1884:

“I do desire a book of adventure—a romance—and no man will get or write me one. . . . I want to hear swords clash. I want a book to begin in a good way; a book I guess, like *Treasure Island*, alas! which I have never read, and cannot though I live to ninety. I would God that someone else had written it! By all that I can learn, it is the very book for my complaint. I like the way I hear it opens; and they tell me John Silver is good fun. And to me it is, and must ever be, a dream unrealized, a book unwritten. O my sighings after romance!

CHAPTER I.

The night was damp and cloudy, the ways foul. The single horseman, cloaked and booted, who pursued his way across Willesden Common, had not met a traveller, when the sound of wheels—

CHAPTER I.

“Yes, sir,” said the old pilot,” she must have dropped into the bay a little

afore dawn. A queer craft she looks."

"She shows no colours," returned the young gentleman, musingly.

"They're a-lowering of a quarter-boat, Mr. Mark," resumed the old salt. "We shall soon know more of her."

"Ay," replied the young gentleman called Mark, "and here, Mr. Seadrift, comes your sweet daughter Nancy tripping down the cliff."

"God bless her kind heart, sir," ejaculated old Seadrift.

CHAPTER I.

The notary, Jean Rossignol, had been summoned to the top of a great house in the Isle St. Louis to make a will; and now, his duties finished, wrapped in a warm roquelaure and with a lantern swinging from one hand, he issued from the mansion on his homeward way. Little did he think what strange adventures were to befall him!—

That is how stories should begin. And I am offered HUSKS instead."

In this connection another letter of his is interesting, written in the same year, with his mind evidently running on the same topics. He hears that a friend,

Cosmo Monkhouse, has "fallen in love with stagnation," and he writes from his invalid chair as follows:

"Seriously, do you like to repose?
. . . I do not know what people mean who say they like sleep and that damned bedtime which, since long ere I was breeched, has rung a knell to all my day's doings and beings. . . . Is there not some escape . . . from the Moral Law? Shall we never shed blood? This prospect is too gray . . . To confess plainly, I had intended to spend my life (or any leisure I might have from Piracy upon the high seas) as the leader of a great horde of irregular cavalry, devastating whole valleys. I can still, looking back, see myself in many favourite attitudes: signalling for a boat from my pirate ship with a pocket-handkerchief, I at the jetty end, and one or two of my bold blades keeping the crowd at bay; or else turning in the saddle to look back at my whole command (some five thousand strong) following me at the hand-gallop up the road out of the burning valley; this last by moonlight."

How characteristic is the spirit of this,

written when he was sitting propped up by pillows and with the medicine bottles on the table beside him!

The following letter written to Henley in 1881, will interest all lovers of *Treasure Island*:

“I am now on another lay for the moment, purely owing to Lloyd, this one (i. e. his stepson, Lloyd Osbourne); but I believe there's more coin in it than in any amount of crawlers; now, see here, ‘The Sea Cook, or Treasure Island: A Story for Boys.’

“If this don't fetch the kids, why, they have gone rotten since my day. Will you be surprised to learn that it is about Buccaneers, that it begins in the *Admiral Benbow* public house on Devon coast, that it's all about a map, and a treasure, and a mutiny, and a derelict ship, and a current, and a fine old Squire Trelawney (the real Tre, purged of literature and sin, to suit the infant mind), and a doctor, and another doctor, and a sea-cook with one leg, and a sea-song with the chorus ‘Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum’ (at the third Ho you heave at the capstan bars), which is a real buccaneer's song, only

known to the crew of the late Captain Flint (died of rum at Key West, much regretted, friends will please accept this intimation); and lastly would you be surprised to hear, in this connection, the name of *Routledge*? That's the kind of man I am, blast your eyes. Two chapters are written, and have been tried on Lloyd with great success; the trouble is to work it off without oaths. Buccaneers without oaths—bricks without straw. But youth and the fond parent have to be consulted."

Looking back over these rambling remarks I see I have fallen into the error which is almost unavoidable when talking about so delightful a man. I have been gossiping and quoting rather at random. But let it stand. I have tried to let him speak for himself. As Matthew Arnold once said of Keats, "To show such work is to praise it." If I can persuade anyone to take up Stevenson's books—either for the first time, or with the delicious anticipation which belongs only to re-reading, I will have accomplished my design.

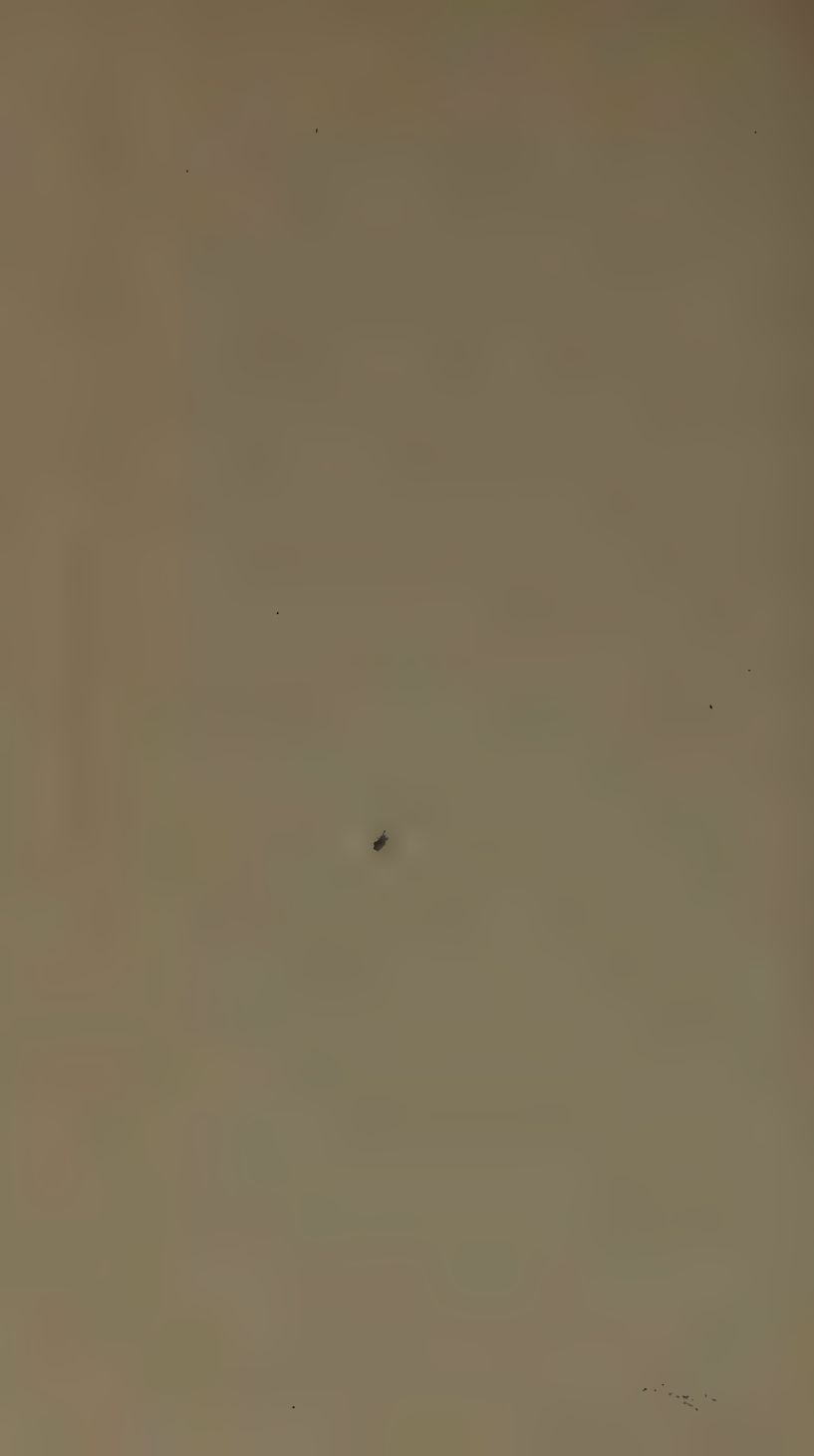
I cannot refrain from quoting what is probably the best thing ever said about Stevenson's writings. J. M. Barrie, his

friend and countryman, charmingly describes Stevenson's peculiar charm:

"Mr. Stevenson's books are not for the shelf, they are for the hand; even when you lay them down, let it be on the table for the next comer.

"Being the most sociable that man has penned in our time, they feel very lonely up there in a stately row. I think their eye is on you the moment you enter the room, and so you are drawn to look at them, and you take a volume down, with the impulse that induces one to unchain the dog. And the result is not dissimilar, for in another moment you two are at play. Is there any other modern writer who gets round you in this way?"

On a far-off Samoan hill-top, swept by the winds and overlooking the vast ocean and the surf-beaten reefs, is a lonely slab of stone. Beneath it lies all that is mortal of this kindly man who died as he had lived, brave and happy; but in his letters and books his personality lives for us, and shall live, and behind the vigorous and friendly words we see the shining brown eyes and thin, strong face of Robert Louis Stevenson.



Richard Baumhoff, in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch:

"Followers of Morley who swear by him, as all his followers do, will cherish this volume. These early poems bring out his tenderness and an essay on the limerick his cleverness. . . . In the stories his humor was collegiate. . . .

"Hostages to Fortune" a delightfully prepared new volume.

*Dr. Edward Snyder, Haverford College
English Department:*

"The essay on Stevenson's letters is an exquisite thing—fine and strong, yet, like all of Mr. Morley's literary criticism, modest. . . . But best of all is the burlesque literary essay on The Limerick—a perfect parody on what every teacher of English does in his lectures, on what every contributor to the *Saturday Review* does in his essays."



Charles Vale, in The Saturday Review of Literature:

" . . . Youthful natural they are,—not every adolescent has the youthlessness of a Chatterton; but they are also flights, interesting though tentative, and the curious may trace the early development of the humor and imagination that characterize so purely Morley's later work. They will find also in his verse . . . an unmistakably authentic note; and it will be strange if this note should not persist."

